

MAX
COMICS

MOENCH

GULACY

PALMIOTTI

#4

SHANG-CHI: MASTER OF HUNG FU



DIRECT EDITION

00411



7 59606 05368 1

\$2.99 US \$4.75 CAN

PARENTAL ADVISORY
EXPLICIT
CONTENT

Part 4:

Hellfire

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Ghost to base -- the events in France force a quickening of our timetable.

I will countenance no further delays and brook no failures.

My Hellfire must and will be unleashed -- ahead of schedule!



Update
on current
status and
capability.

Yes, sir!
Although still absent
the necessary components
to go **fully** operational,
the scalar injector is now ready
for a **limited** test.



An **immediate** test -- while I
am still **airborne** -- on some
remote target.

Uh, as I so
poorly attempted to
explain, sir...



...Until the shipment
arrives, we are unable
to reach --

Have I
transformed
into an **idiot**?

Uh, n-no,
Saint Germain!
Of **course** not,
sir!



And did I not
perfect the Hellfire
technology?

The work
was all yours,
sir!



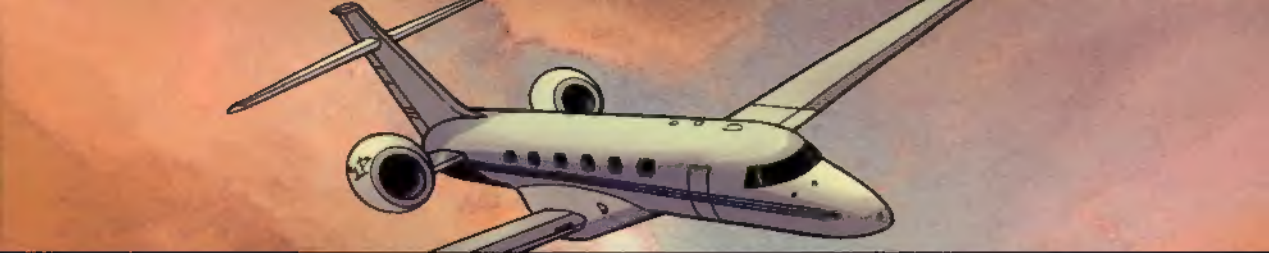
Then clearly I
understand its **every**
aspect, and clearly I
meant a target remote
from the **outside**
world -- not from
this **island**.

Input the
coordinates of the
fishing village on the
western bay.



Excellent
choice, sir, since
the villagers pose
an **unnecessary**
security risk
anyway...



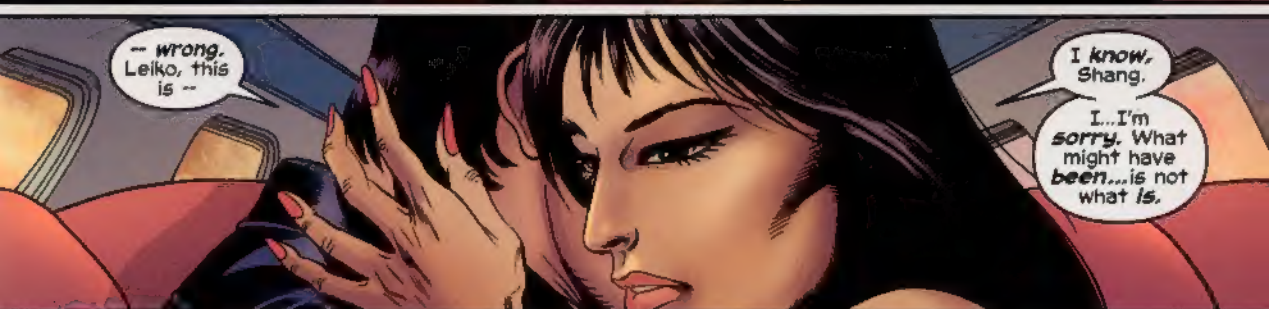


This moment is everything I once desired for the whole of my life...

...the only ecstasy shared by spirit and flesh alike...

...the purity of love breathing full life into body and soul.

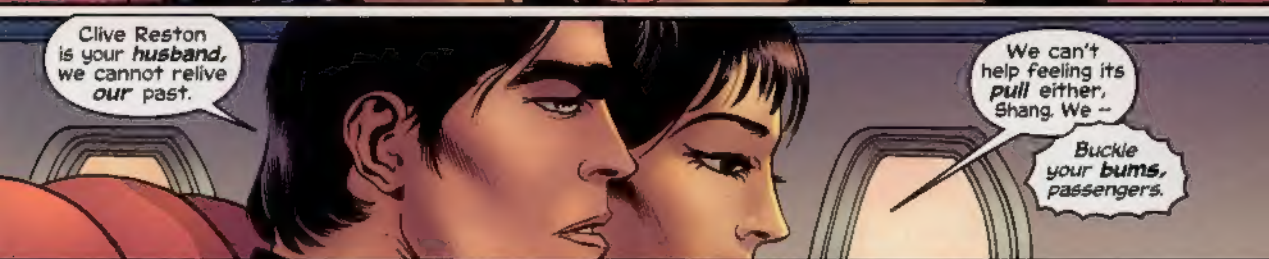
But this moment, now is also --



-- wrong. Leiko, this is --

I know, Shang.

I..I'm sorry. What might have **been**...is not what **is**.



Clive Reston is your **husband**, we cannot relive **our** past.

We can't help feeling its **pull** either, Shang. We --

Buckle your bums, passengers.



This is your MI-6 pilot speaking to the whole **two** of you, even as I guide our final approach with **Hong Kong** tarmac.

And for an **encore** when we touch down, I may well **walk** the tarmac whilst **chewing gum**.





Shang, there's something I learned back in *France* that you should know. He's finally *gotten* what he always *wanted*.

The *perfect assassin*, a living weapon of *total obedience* and *superb skill*, good enough to take me down with a *single blow*.

What he wanted *you* to be. His name is --

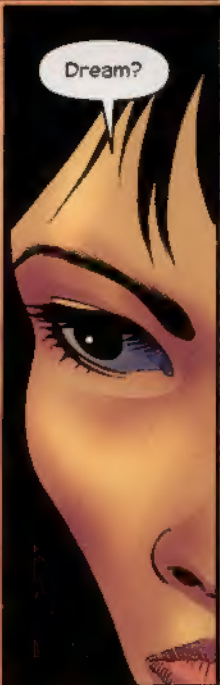


Moving Shadow.

Our paths already crossed, Leiko. In Singapore.



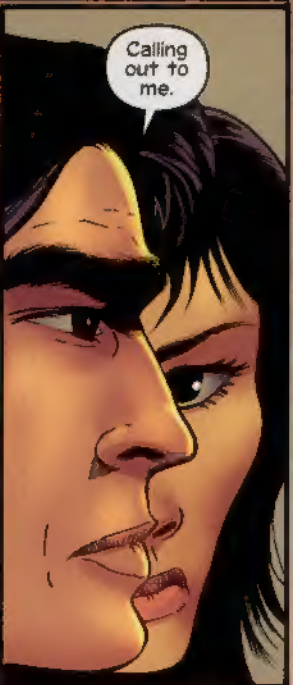
He entered my hotel room...killed a *different* assassin...the one who disrupted my *dream*.



Dream?



Of *you*, Leiko, in distress and pain.

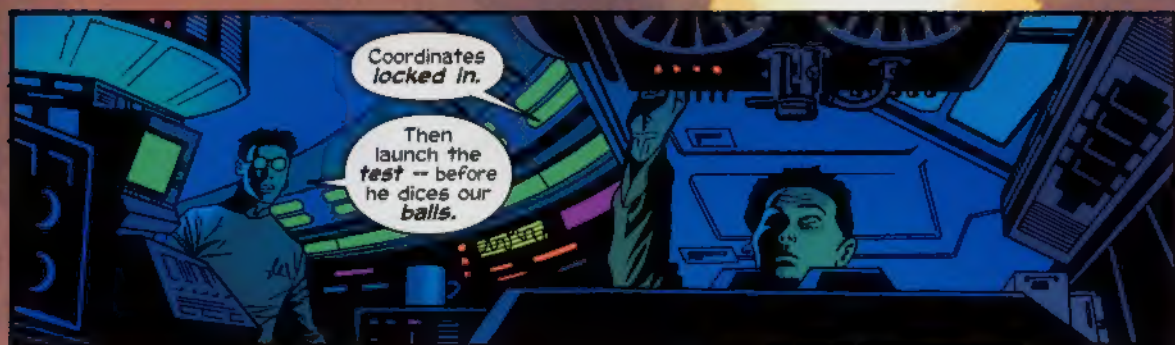


Calling out to me.



The *Pearl of the Orient*, people...

...And on behalf of the entire secret cabal of British Intelligence -- oxymoron aside -- I thank your bums for flying *Clandestine Airways*.



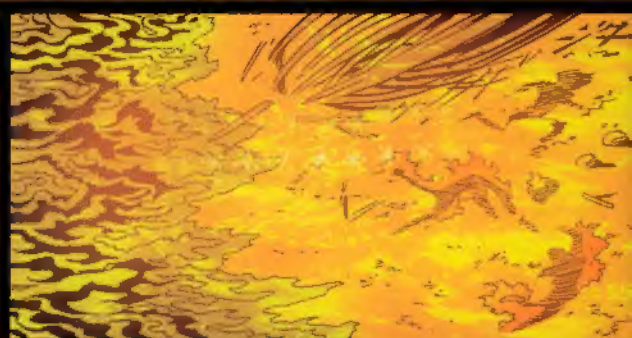
"Scalar generator
responding, injecting
wave-energy into the
upper atmosphere.

"Small-scale auroral
ionization under way...

"...multiplying scalar
power by a factor of
ten thousand and rising.

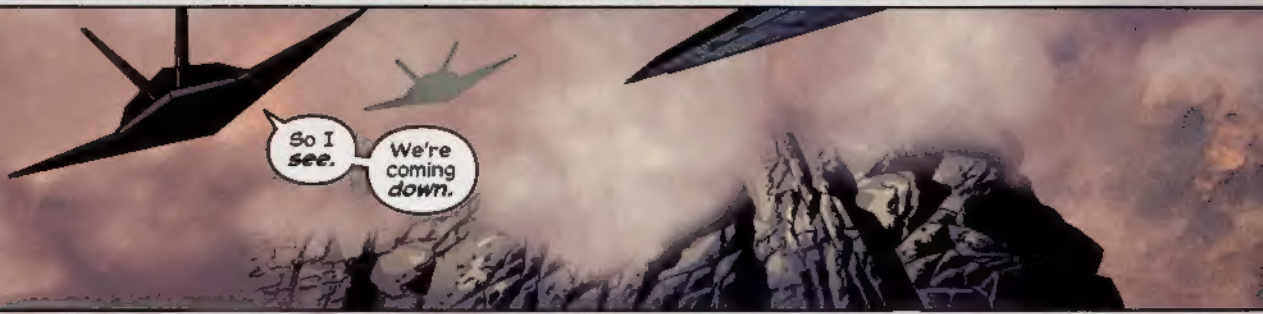
"Atmosphere charging
toward critical release...
to return amplified energy
back to the ground --







Base to
Ghost -- test
complete.



So I
see.

We're
coming
down.



Put the
base on **full**
alert. There
is much to
prepare.

The test
was --



Adequate.



Total destruction with pinpoint
accuracy, sir, soon extended
to **global reach**.

When?



Once
the shipment has
arrived, sir, and
we have installed
the --

When?



It is being
offloaded in Hong
Kong right *now*, sir,
and will reach this
island within *twelve*
hours.

At
which point, we
shall stage a larger
demonstration -- for
the entire world to
witness.

On *London*,
perhaps, or
Washington.



There is
also *Rome*, sir, with
its long tradition of
decadent --

I am well
aware of *all* this
world's corrupt power
centers -- and I shall
consider *every*
candidate.

The final
choice will be
decided over a
meal in my
sanctum.



Transfer's almost finished — an' still no sign of the Chinaman.

Or Leiko.



What'd I tell ya before the bloody wedding, Clive?

About two agents tyin' one knot?

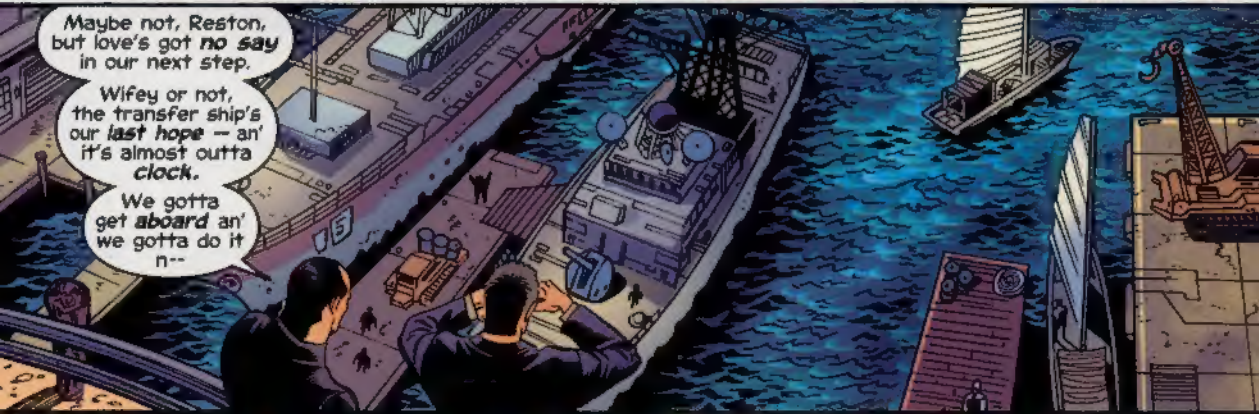


"Never mix bloody business with bloody pleasure, not unless you want a whole world of bloody trouble."

Exactly.



But love, Black Jack, is seldom wise.



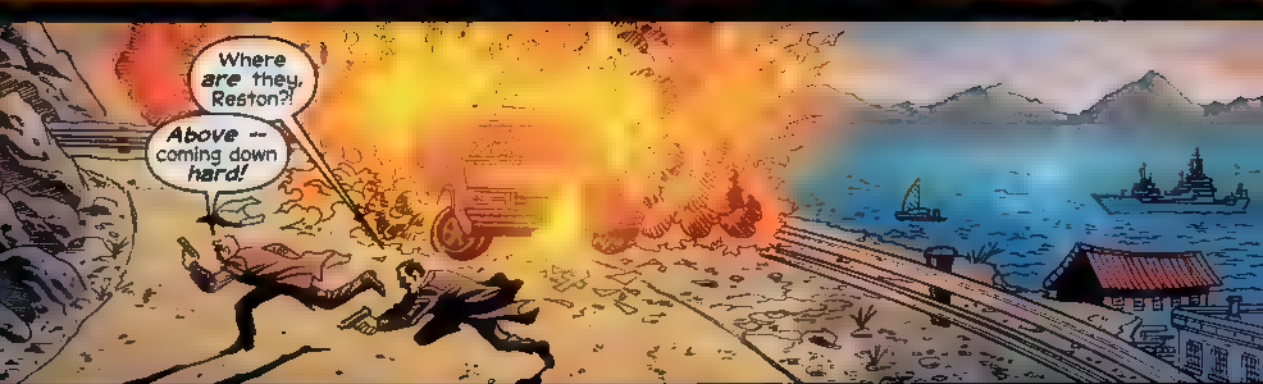
Maybe not, Reston, but love's got no say in our next step.

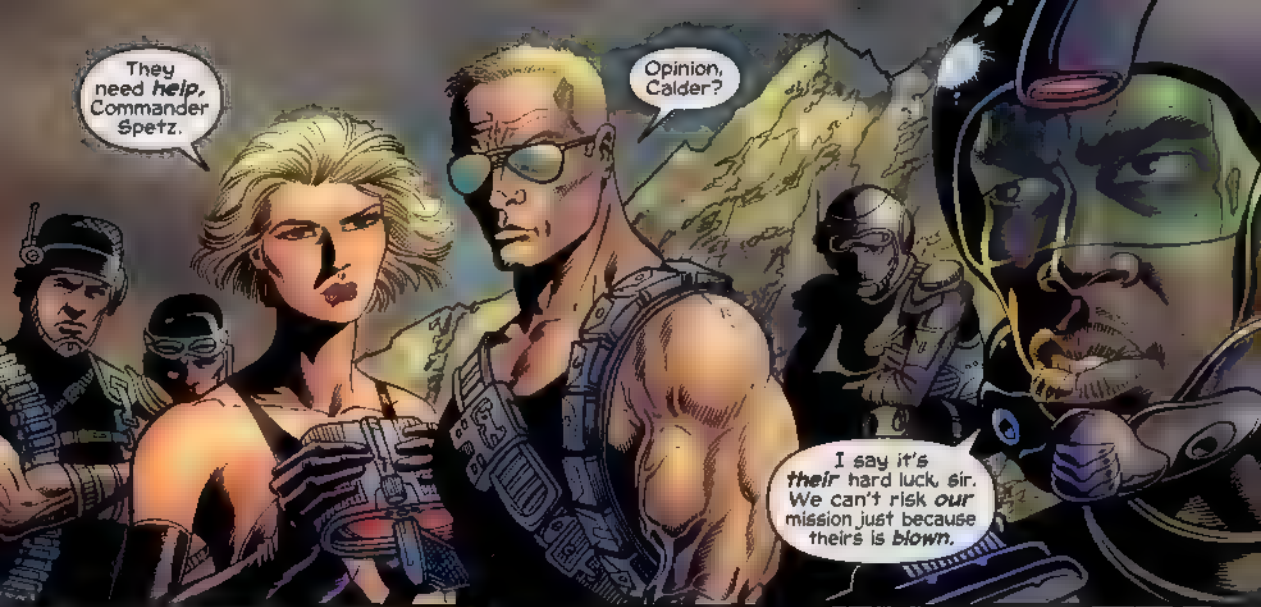
Wifey or not, the transfer ship's our last hope — an' it's almost outta clock.

We gotta get aboard an' we gotta do it n--



SHHHOON

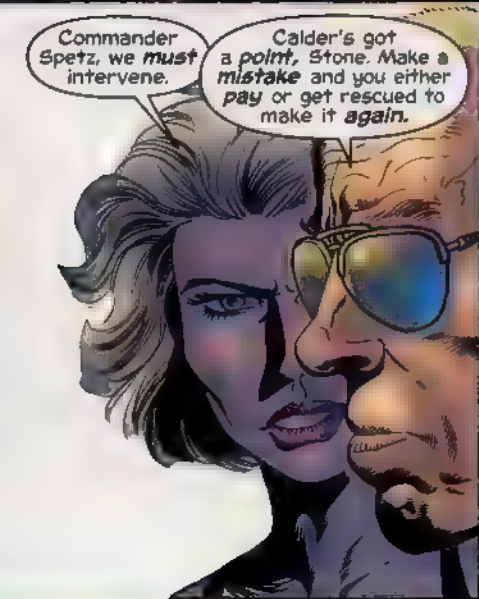




They need **help**, Commander Spetz.

Opinion, Calder?

I say it's **their** hard luck, sir. We can't risk **our** mission just because theirs is **blown**.



Commander Spetz, we **must** intervene.

Calder's got a **point**, Stone. Make a **mistake** and you either **pay** or get rescued to make it **again**.



Besides, their bad luck could be **our** good fortune. If Tarr is **erased**, the Ghost might think MI-6 is **completely** out of the picture...



With all **respect**, sir, this Omega Team is too **good** to stand down.

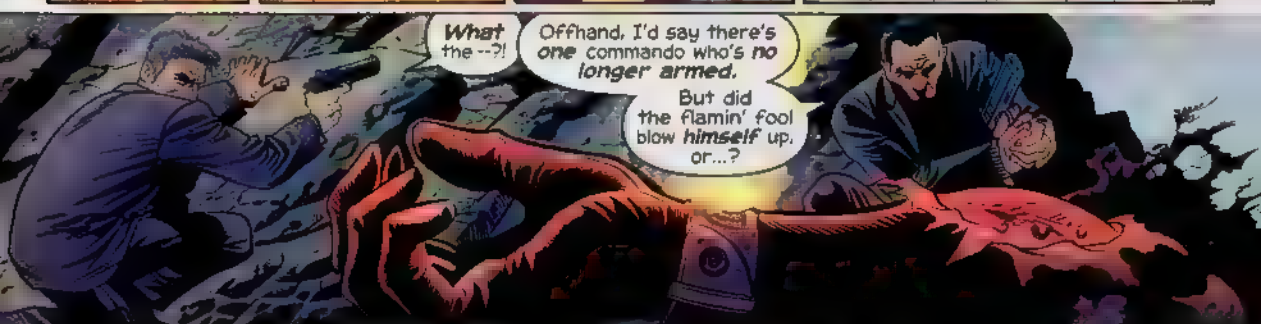
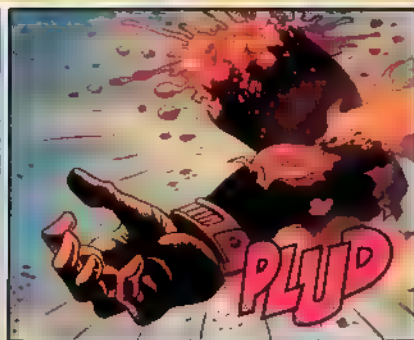
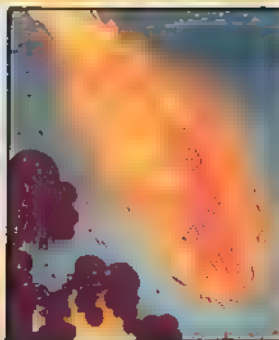
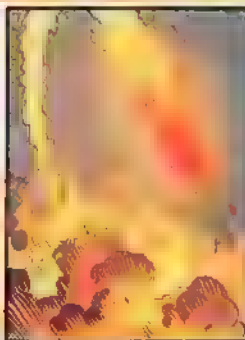
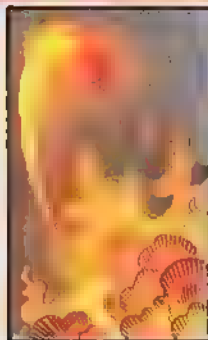
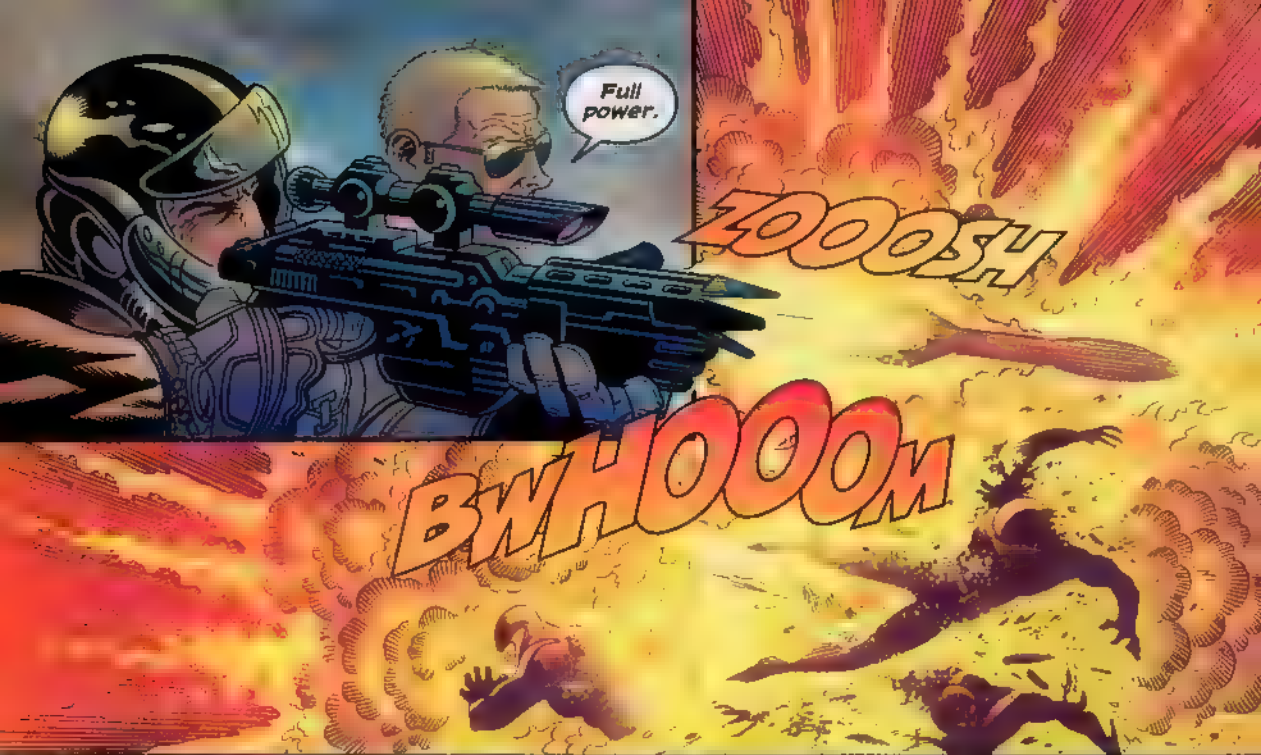
We can save Tarr and **still** beat his team to the Hellfire base -- but what we **cannot** do is just let him and Reston get **ripped** to pieces.



Now -- **your** opinion, sir?

Oh, what the hell.

Move in, Omegas, and fuck 'em up **fast**.





Swoopin' down
from *higher ground* --
where they've *also* been
surveillin' the shipment
transfer...



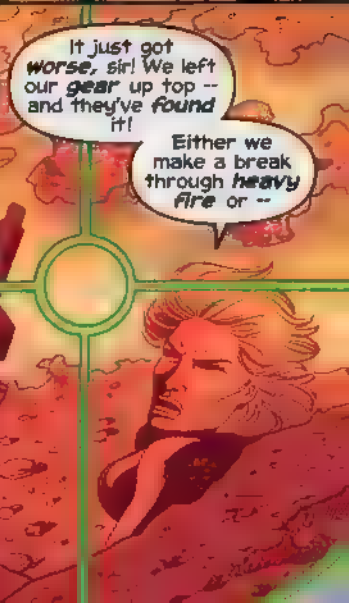
It's *Spetz*
and his stinkin'
Omega Team --
makin' commando
mincemeat!

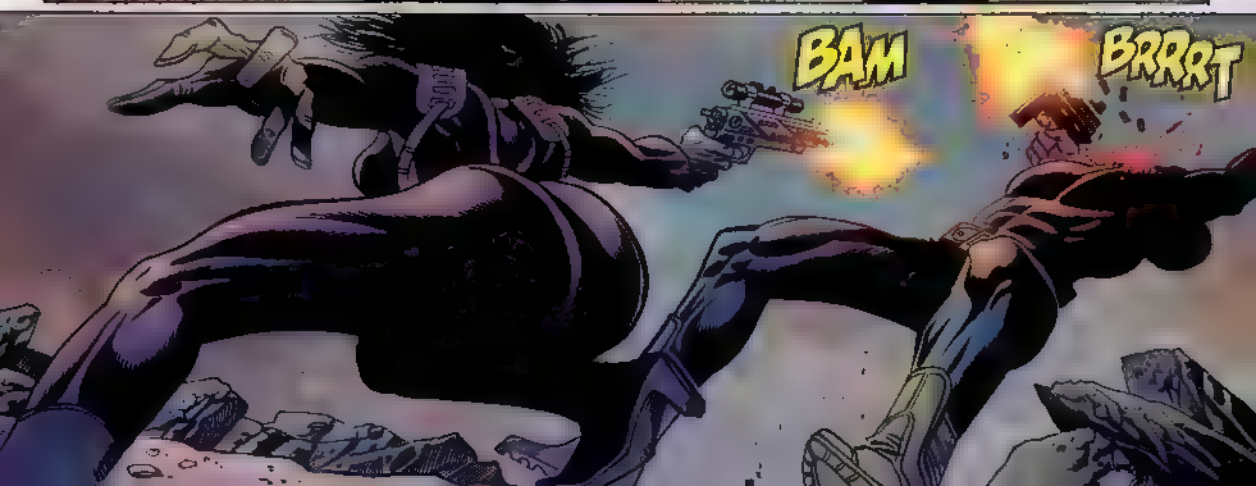


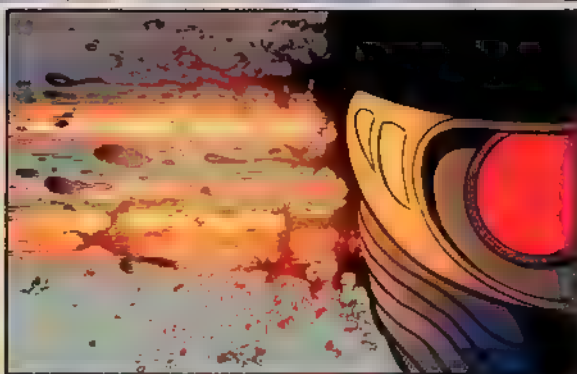
Dammit,
Reston, this
is the bloody
worst!

Agreed,
Black Jack --
except for the
alternative.











Well, well, fucking well... *Leiko Wu* -- and the fabled *Shang-Chi*, I presume, finally back in *play*.

Doesn't look like such a legend to me.



Really, Spetz? Then *whose* sorry ass did *he* just haul from the fire?

Yours, grandpa -- and I'm *warning* you...

You're on your own from *here* -- and don't get in my team's way.



We're following the shipment straight to hell! You *interfere* and we'll burn you *ourselves*!



That's the *second* time you nicked it bloody tight. Chinaman, but thanks just the --

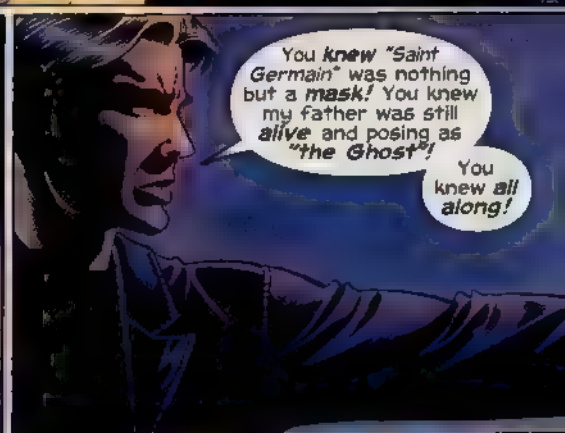
Don't call me "*Chinaman*."

You *knew*, Black Jack Tarr, and you said *nothing*.



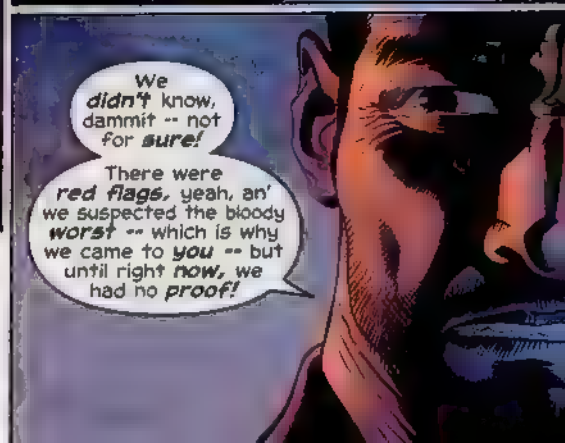
Bloody hell, now I gotta take crap from *you* too.

Just ain't *my* day, is it?



You *knew* "*Saint Germain*" was nothing but a *mask*! You knew my father was still *alive* and posing as "*the Ghost*"!

You knew *all* along!



We *didn't* know, dammit -- not for *sure*!

There were *red flags*, yeah, an' we suspected the bloody *worst* -- which is why we came to *you* -- but until right *now*, we had no *proof*!

If you an' Wu actually **saw** him, then the worst is **true** -- but your eyewitness **say-so** is the only thing **nailin'** it.

You could have **warned** me.

Yeah?
And how the hell would you have reacted if we'd hinted it **was** him an' then it turned out it **wasn't**?

You'd say we **tricked** you.

Tarr's **right**, Chi. We even argued over how much to **tell** you.

Bottom line, your father's up an' runnin' again an' we got to put him **down** -- before Spetz jams a **spanner** in the works. You still wanna **help**, then we reach the Hellfire base aboard that **ship** down there.

As **stowaways**?

Hell, no, that kinda crap's for **kids** -- an' these days I think **ahead**.

Accommodations ain't **first-class**, but I did get MI-6 to pay off the **captain**.

Chi?

Reston?

Thanks...
Thanks for giving me back my **wife**.

My father and I, it seems, have both sought isolation from the outside world...for our own very different reasons.

That's it -- the Hellfire base is hidden somewhere on that island.

An island much like my own, but dedicated to the opposite goal -- world conflict rather than personal peace.

An' over there, on the western bay -- looks like it was a fishin' village.

Still smokin'... scorched just recently.

Which means the scalar weapon is operational -- at least on a limited-range basis.

Once they add the amplifier components aboard this ship...

Then we must open the crates and **smash the components.**

No go, Leiko.

Why not?

Reston's right, Wu. They'll inspect the goods at the dock -- kill everyone aboard if anything's wrong.

We gotta maintain cover an' use the shipment to penetrate the Hellfire base.

It's the only way.



Maybe
so, Tarr, but
not **everyone**
agrees.

We've got
company --
closing fast!



And
somebody got
the MI-6 bursar
to spring for a
lot more than a
captain.



Spetz an'
his crew --
comin' in like
clubfooted
hooligans...

...Heapin'
the crap on
this mission all
the way to high
heaven...



"...Bloody hell."

Moving Shadow.

You have returned from Singapore...even though he *still* lives.

You failed.

I aborted -- within one minute of taking his *life*, and now with full knowledge of his every *skill* and *strength*.

Everything he *has*, everything he *is*, did not even *test* me.

Our *next* encounter will be his *last*, and his last encounter will be *swift*.

See that it is, Moving Shadow.

See that you are everything he *failed* to become.

See that you are *worthy* of ruling the new world at my *side*.

Yes... father.

Consider your *other* son already *dead*.

Next Part 5: Shadow Moves